

1967

## Parnassus 1967

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# parnasus





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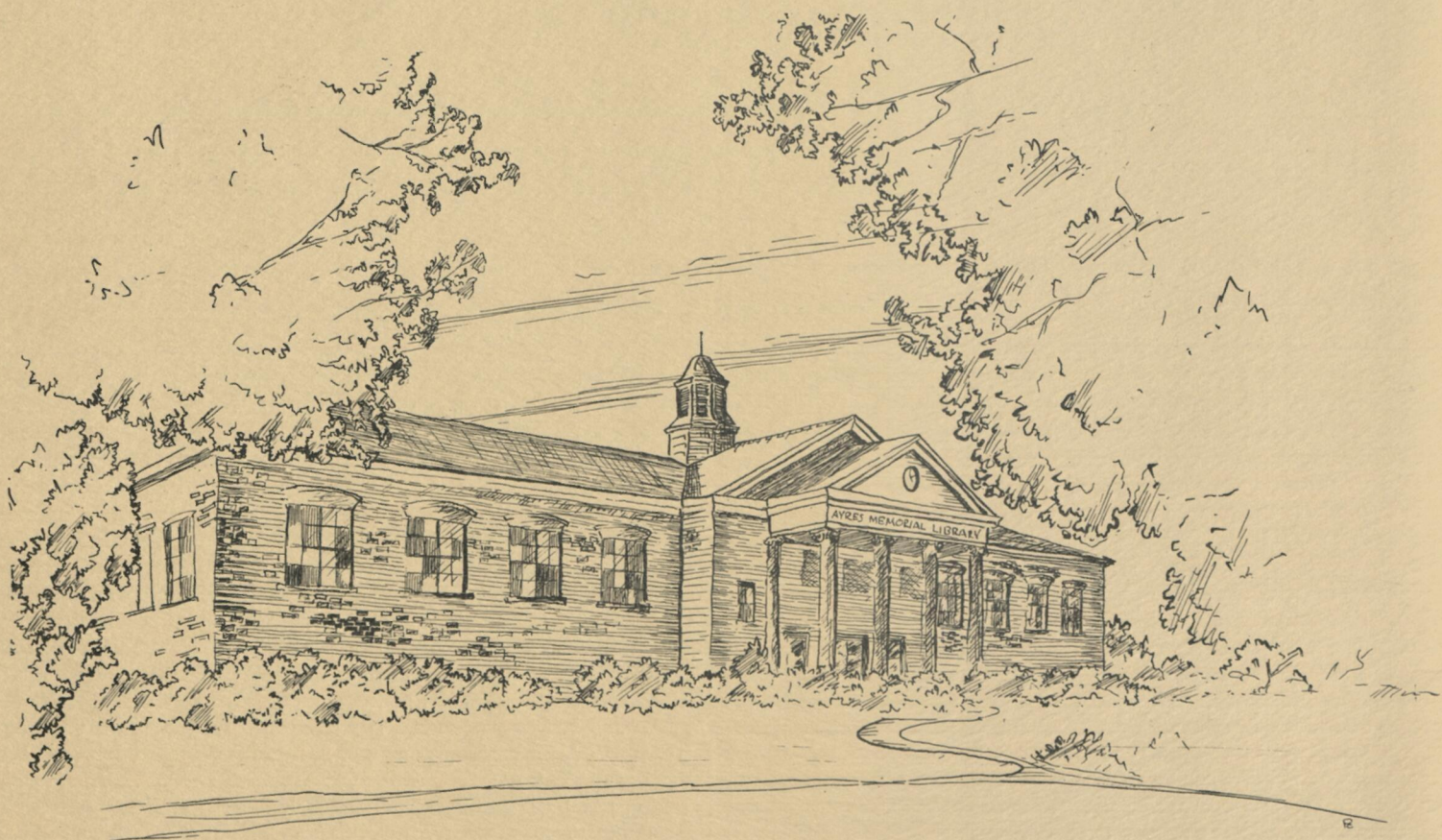
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TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, UPLAND, INDIANA May, 1967



# Parnassus

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COVER 3: THE PRAYER OF THE CONTEMPORARY PILL-AGE, LARRY AUSTIN



## II. 3

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,  
Fields, that cool Illissus laves,  
Or when Maeander's amber waves  
    In lingering lab'rins creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?  
Where each old poetic mountain  
    Inspiration breath'd around:  
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
    Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour  
    Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,  
    And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

from "Progress of Poesy"  
Thomas Gray, 1716-1771

In the centuries since classic Greek gods first ruled the spirit of nature and the soul of man, the nine Muses have represented man's desire to express himself in the fine arts--in sculpture, in song, in paintings, and in poetry and prose. Each muse eventually became the patron goddess, the symbol, of one phase of the arts, and from her home on the rocky heights of Parnassus would look down occasionally to touch some youth with a god-like spirit, an ability to communicate to his fellow man through marble or clay, the lute or the written word.

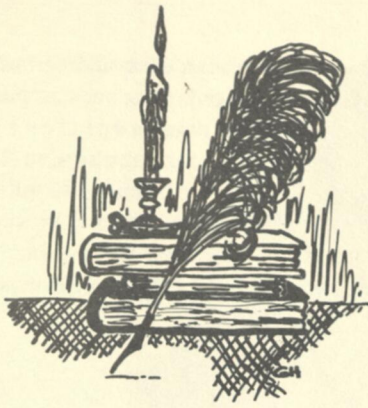
Thomas Gray, a poet of the eighteenth century, felt that the Muses smiled not only on different individuals at different times but also on varying countries. From their original Parnassus in Greece, they sought out Italy and Rome; as the glory of Rome faded, they wandered again and finally came to rest in "the sea-encircled coast" of England--eighteenth century England. Gray was one of the many neo-classical writers who felt that the Muses were smiling on England of the 1700's; there are many today who feel that the same spirit of creativity is present in the modern writing, and for many of the same reasons.

Perhaps the main similarity between the two periods, though they are separated by two hundred years, is the desire to communicate--to communicate an idea, an emotion, a conviction to one's fellows. The eighteenth century was a period of social criticism, of deep, cutting sarcasm against the shallowness and triviality of the manners and morals of the day. Modern writers of today have once again picked up this note of social criticism.

Besides emphasizing social criticism, the neo-classic period was also a time of self-seeking, of looking into oneself to examine and communicate the inner emotions and fears of a man's most secret mind; again, twentieth century literature is seeking to do the same thing.

And this, then, is why the neo-classic muse of a coffee-house England finds a fit Parnassus upon which to rest as she pauses in the modern world and seeks about for a youthful heart worthy of her great gift.





There is no place on the campus which I so much delight to frequent as the Ayres Memorial Library. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some degree, pampers my vanity, as I fain would consider myself a student, to view so remarkable a collection of volumes and periodicals, handling among themselves the learning of the ages, and making in its stacks and reading rooms a kind of sanctuary for the prospective intelligentsia. I must confess I look upon the Dewey Decimal System to be a great instrument through which past wisdom makes its representatives available. Card catalogues in the world of academic research are what travel guides are in the world of vacations: they refer to specific passages of interest, outline available resources, and maintain a good cross-reference between those sets of volumes which are not normally associated but which share related topics and backgrounds and are separated by virtue of being on different stacks and floors or even on extreme ends of the same shelf. I have been often pleased to see learning materials divided between 100-199 for philosophy and 800-899 for literature connected by cards, or to see a discussion of computer technology referenced both under "Business" and "Mathematics." I am infinitely delighted in associating with these different topics as they are represented by their several authors and their respective subject areas. It is true that sometimes I get confused in the foreign language department; sometimes I lose my way in the shelf of contemporary art criticisms; and sometimes I feel out of place among the volumes on political science. I am a student of journalism, economics, or literature at different times, or rather fancy myself like the learned professor who, upon being asked his favorite stack, replied that he was acquainted with them all.

Though I frequently visit the reading rooms, I am well-known to no magazine but Christianity Today, which, though its pages often intrigue me highly, occasionally leaves me with an unsatisfied mind. There is, indeed, a magazine titled Look, which occupies me in some instances, having supplied me with a topic for a research paper in the past, but as our views on modern life diverge, resulting from differences in vantage points, I usually just glance at the photographs and enjoy the cartoons.

The grand scene of study in the two reading rooms

## FROM GRECIAN'S

*by Jay Comstock*

and at the study carrels in the stacks gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of the highest academic pursuits, so much that in many occasions I have been known to prefer the hard rigours of extended reflection to the passing pleasures of a lighter nature, my heart is wonderfully warmed at the large body of fellow intellectual neophytes intently examining their study materials and thus increasing their own potential usefulness; or, in other words, carefully amassing, analyzing, and arranging that knowledge which comes under the repulsive title of "required material," and then going beyond ordinary limits of investigation to penetrate the deeper mysteries in a specific field of knowledge.

The various professors seem to have taken particular care to disseminate their respective assignments among the different regions of the academic world and thus among the various sectors of the library itself, that as the student progresses from assignment to assignment, he might discover the mutual lines of influence which run among the several library categories, and that they have a kind of dependence upon one another, and are united by a common bond. Almost every area in the Dewey Decimal System has something peculiar to it. The seeds of knowledge can often be found in the volumes on one shelf and their fruits down the next aisle. The queries of philosophy are answered in the realms of religion; "From whence came I?" points to "In the beginning. . . ." The journalism of William Cullen Bryant affects the American slavery question. The statesmanship of Benjamin Franklin is joined in influence with his electric storm experiments. The biography and the writings are in different areas. Aristotle's influence is felt in the natural sciences and in philosophy; his contemporaries are immortalized in Greek drama; his student Alexander changed the course of history. Neo-classicism follows the Glorious Revolution; the emerging nations in Africa begin to chant the tune of western materialism.

If we consider the field of knowledge, without any of the benefits of the library system, what a disaster would be our lot! Trained educators tell us that uninspired minds produce little that does not spring in some great measure from the learning of the past.

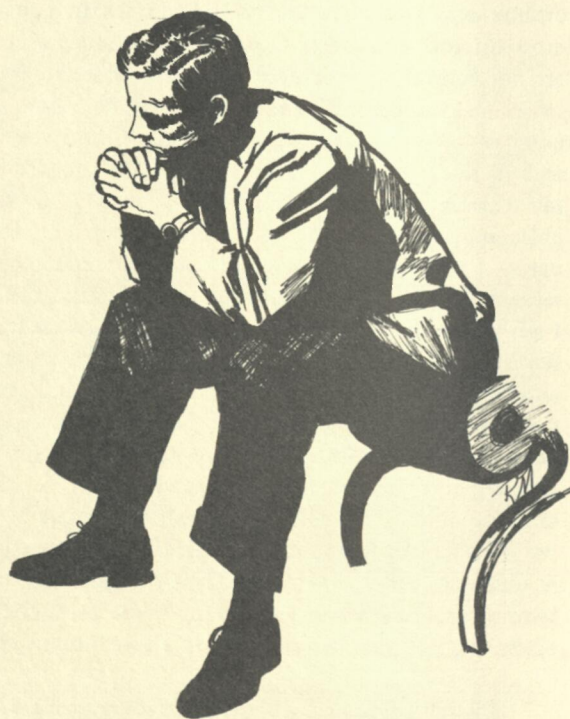


The oft defended common sense that each of us supposedly has rarely makes the careful distinctions demanded daily of the scholar possessed with an extensive background. More than concern for his fellows is required of a successful guidance counselor; the poet without an acquaintance with the ancients has a poor foundation; mathematics passed by word of mouth would likely not have flowered in the calculus; leaders who know not the solutions of the past would doubtless repeat avoidable mistakes. Indeed, if it were not for the library itself, civilization beyond the stone age would have been scarcely possible. Nor has recorded wisdom more enriched our technology than it has improved the whole face of society among us. Shelves are laden with tidbits of every age; lore and erudition from every culture abound in varied plenty. The profound and the popular, the shrewd and the hackneyed, the proverbial and the trite become liable for assimilation into one's knowledge. Our mornings are spent with the economy of England; our afternoon draught comes to us from the pages of Time; our evening's repose is preceeded by an inquiry into Kant. Our professors indeed furnish us with the guide to necessary information, but the collected knowledge of the ages gives us a great storehouse of what is useful, and at the same time will offer us what is practical and entertaining. Nor is it the least part of our knowledge that while we enjoy the Gallic Wars of Julius Caesar, we are free from the harrowing hardships and the difficult decisions of those campaigns; that while we are stirred by Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, we relax comfortably with our modern conveniences.

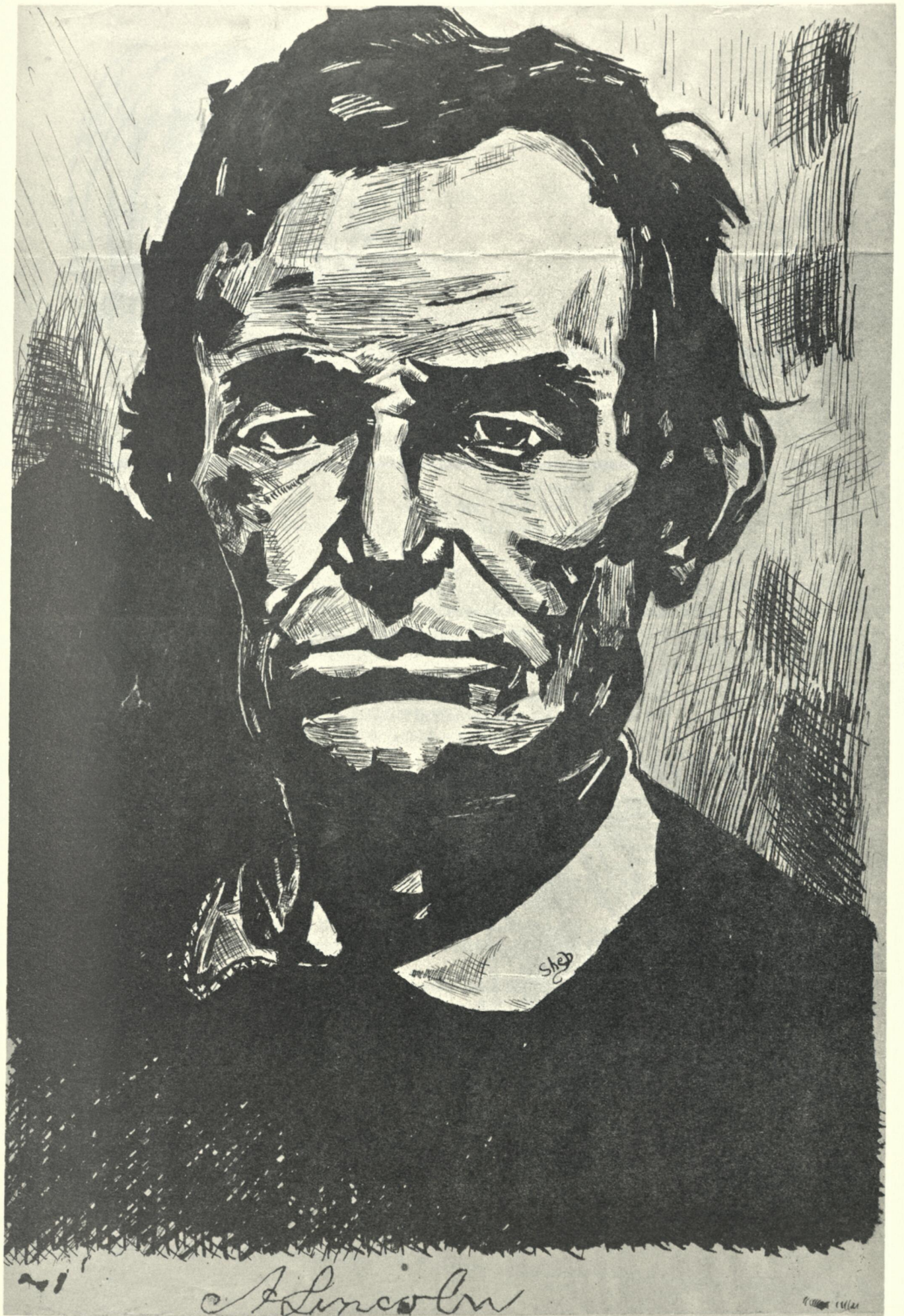
For these reasons, there is not a more useful instrument for the enterprising student than the card catalogue. It binds the library together in a mutual intercourse of cross-references, directing attention to those courses of knowledge which will broaden the liberal minded, deepen the specialist, and add grace to the humanitarian. Our library converts the thinking of others into gems for us to pluck off the surface at our own leisure. We have profited from the past; perhaps in turn we may add to the future.

When I have been in the library, I have often fancied one of our wise men from antiquity standing in person where he has been encased in his multi-volumed Complete Works, looking down on the concourse of people that tap his knowledge every day. In this case, how would he be surprised to see all the branches of learning that have sprung from his writing, lined side-by-side with him, scattered row upon row in every direction, and to see so many different fields explored and, in part, conquered, with results readily available to any seeker! Knowledge of that breadth would have been available only to a select few in his

day and much of it would have been even undreamed. The library, without physically enlarging our campus, has given an additional, indeed many additional, empires to explore and conquer: it has multiplied the number of the educated, made our personal supplies of knowledge infinitely more valuable than they were before, and will doubtless add to itself fruits garnered from those of us who have felt its inspiring influence in fulness.











## THE RESURRECTION OF KING LEAR

*by Roger Hinkle*

The paradox of melting ice is still  
The paradox of death, of life decayed.  
Recall the theme of silk, once sleek, now frayed:  
The mystery of health succumbed to ill.

Yet so, it seems, goes man. He boils in sweat  
To climb, to stretch, to touch the joy unfound;  
Before he finds his life, he loses ground:  
His way inclines to ruin, rewarded with regret.

Down, down, into the valley of the land  
Of dying ghosts; into the shadow of dying;  
Not into death, but into the hell of lying  
Forever decayed in a hermitage having no end.

Disintegration--no man can ever stay  
Its timeless, tireless wrath; not even Lear,  
Who, with Cordelia, stole a glimpse (so clear!)  
Of heavenly light, though life soon ebbed away.

Lear... in him the seed of the Tree of Life  
Lay dormant, waiting, Yes! awaiting the days of rain;  
His ice-filled heart could only melt in pain.  
The thaw produced a man, redeemed by grief.

Now here, here in the tale of an ancient King  
We hear an echo, a Palestinian voice  
Requesting man, though dying, "Arise, rejoice,  
The seasons of snow shall end in splendid spring!"



## TONDO PROJECTIONS

*by Roger Hinkle*

The callous of the Eastern hand is thin.  
No time is saved to paint in ancient caves;  
For rich make raw the hides. and scrape the skin,  
Expose the flesh and air-filled guts of slaves.

"THE POOR YE SHALL ALWAYS HAVE WITH YOU"

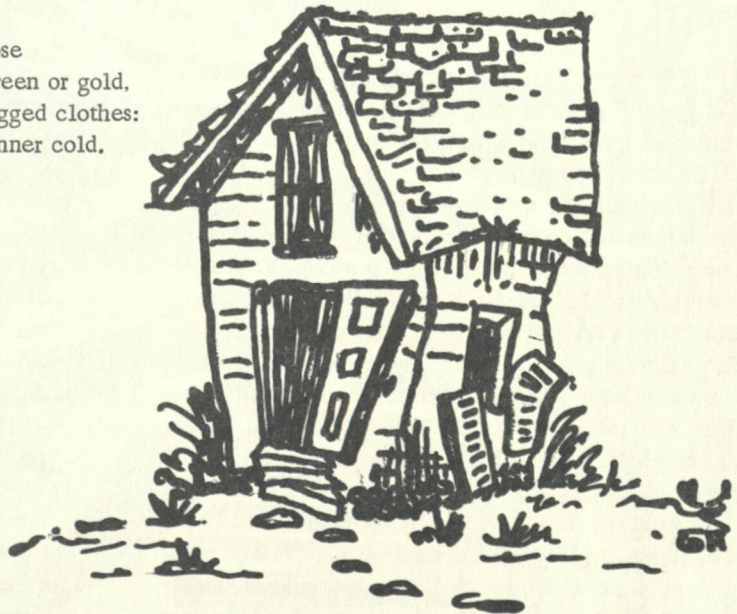
Perhaps because the poor beget the poor  
And rich engender silver-plated seed;  
Perhaps because the poor can't guard the door  
Through which the rich diffuse to feed their greed.

"THE POOR YE SHALL ALWAYS HAVE WITH YOU"

The webs of spiders tangle whom their stealth  
Can use, exploit for unrepentant gain.  
The profit is not life, but death-filled wealth  
That bloats the billow-bellied lords of pain.

"THE POOR YE SHALL ALWAYS HAVE WITH YOU"

For poverty pervades not only those  
Who have no means to capture green or gold,  
Faroukian souls are worse than ragged clothes:  
Their outer warmth is killed by inner cold.





## "THE LOVELY SHALL BE CHOOSERS"

by Janice Peterson

Robert Frost's "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers" is a very unusual and interesting poem which expresses a theme not uncommon in several of Frost's other works. In it converge the themes of isolation and of the dying process that accompanies living. The thesis seems to revolve around an acceptance and contentment with a dualistic world--a world of joy and love coupled with grief and pain. On the surface the poem tells of a lovely young woman who in twenty years, from youth to middle age, falls from a high social plane of security, wealth, and honor to a low social plane of loneliness and isolation. The Voice and the Voices, the ruler of creation and his agents (his "sub-alterns") weigh upon the young woman and achieve their goal of hurling her down "seven levels of the world" while yet allowing her free choice. Even though the forces of the world are set against her, the ironic fact is that the woman can still retain dignity and experience joy. So although Frost conveys something of Hardy's deterministic attitude and sense of the ambiguity of life, he nevertheless presents man as capable of dignity, stature, and joy; therefore, the optimism present in the poem balances or overbalances any pessimistic thoughts on the decay of life. Thus emerge the incongruities of existence.

Already in this discussion of thesis, the surface and specific story of the poem have given way to more universal application. One then quickly sees that the entire poem acts as a symbol--a symbol of man's life of joy and pain, of dignity in spite of decay. The young woman becomes the symbol of man free to choose his pathway in life but whose choices are determined to lead him from a higher to a lower plane. The woman "fails from strangeness to a way of life/ She came from too high too late to learn." These lines express the incomprehensibility of earthly existence and contain some hints of the pre-existence philosophy found in "Trial by Existence." They support the interpretation of the poem as a symbol of man's earthly existence. The lovely in life, those who have previously been on a high plane of any type, will experience a descent from that plane as they naturally exercise their power of choice. As time passes and man continues on his journey of life, he progressively becomes more isolated, unable to find anyone to whom he can express the depth of his feelings, the inner results of his total experience. But even so, there is a joy that comes as one is able to face and

accept the realities and results of time.

In addition to the underlying symbolic nature of the entire poem, other figurative language merits comment. The personification of the forces of nature, the Voices, engaging in dialogue, crowding upon the created one, reveals the creator and his agents as quite active in the life of the creation. The metonymy of "invisible hands" describes these forces as moulding and maneuvering powers, as craftsmen, as powers able to "triumph" in their "task." Then there is the woman, the symbol of the "Lovely," perhaps even the symbol of the human race, the lovely creation, as a whole. Her shoulder could represent her inner stamina, her strength and dignity to stand straight against all odds and still to experience joy. Joy itself is an ambiguous and almost ironical symbol of those activities in life which carry as much pathos as true joy. The seven joys listed show the downward progression of planes of living and the decaying perceptions from an idealistic, secure and honorable life to the seventh depth, the depth of realistic acceptance of and contentment with the incongruous world. One very interesting figure is "winter firelight," which closely follows "brightness." With the exception of the general descriptions in ll. 15-18, "brightness" and "winter firelight" provide the only flicker of visual warmth, or perceived hope, in the poem. "Winter firelight" functions almost as an oxymoron and contributes to the symbolic value and thesis of the poem. Winter seems to indicate not only a season in nature but also a stage in man's life, middle-age, that is less bright, less hopeful, less fruitful than "high colored" youth. Yet there remains even in this state "firelight," the "brightness" of the past which still diffuses into the present and future and is a source of joy. If the child sees "in the winter firelight" with "winter" modifying "firelight," the meaning conveyed is that the young may perceive the elder's past glory still present in this winter stage of life. Or, if "firelight" is the object of "see," "firelight" may be just a remembrance of the no longer present brightness of the past. The ambiguity of this phrase enriches and supports the great truth Frost is conveying. The "one" in the last few lines is perhaps the greatest joy encountered because it represents one close to sympathetic understanding, a near communication of the uncommunicable, deep acceptance of life as it is--the result of forces working to triumph over the lovely while yet allowing freedom of choice and a degree of joy.









## THE DEATH OF ANDREY BOLKONSKY

*by Roger Hinkle*

Reclining here upon a rock to rest  
(The travels proved too long, and goals decayed,  
Not from tortured brain nor private pain,  
But from seeing pools corpuscular  
Spotting the lifeless plain), I see the angle  
Of the earth turned: a degree, maybe three.  
I see an old earth, sure,  
A new heaven, perhaps.  
The foliage (green--a change) makes life  
Of red remains and moldy yellow clay.

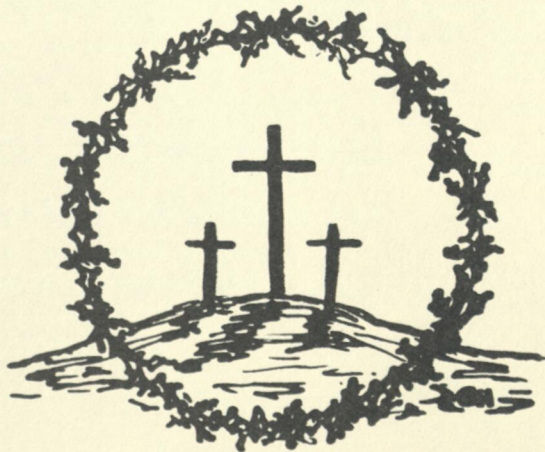
Shall I rescind this view and turn  
To love the lady amid the ruddy pools?  
Perhaps: other men confuse their deaths and lives  
And stalk mirages on their desert paths.  
But I could not return to lasting love  
For Love is here, reclining on a rock.  
Oh, I could go back, for the memory of this rock  
Would shade my eyes from scorching sands.  
To stay is partial death:  
To return is to surely die.  
I choose the better, lesser death.  
Here on the rock,  
Where the angle of the world  
Is turned.



## CHRISTMAS

*by Larry Austin*

- A sacrificed tree with a crown,  
And garland on bough of that tree;  
The crucified wreath on a door;
- A gift trimly wrapped, then rent loose,  
And kisses of love for that gift;  
The songs which one sings on this day.
- A candle which weeps when aflame.





## FREEDOM'S PRIESTESS

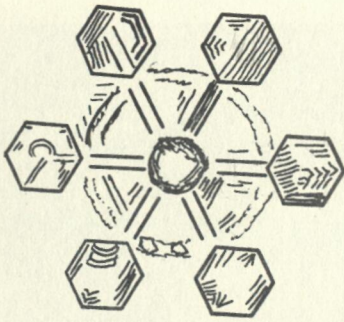
*by Larry Austin*

*The limber frame of Laurie's slender form  
Swings unencumbered stepping smooth and swift,  
Her loose hair tossing as in gusty storm;  
And proud like bride her head and eyes uplift.  
Her supple lips (like limber frame) flit free,  
Protesting bondage of the Black and Red;  
She stings with tongue as stings a maddened bee--  
Her stinger to all tyrant flesh does wed.  
In hand, and grasped like sharpened sword, her quill  
Does stroke and strike and stab the man of pride  
Who hawk-like slays men's rights with violent skill  
Just as the raper rapes a lovely bride.  
So freedom's priestess, clothed with laurel lace,  
Beweds with ring poetic, truth and grace.*









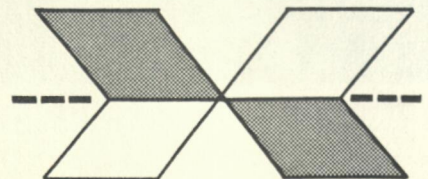
## TODAY

by Jill Kunkel

Snow fell against the high school all day, wet big-flaked snow that did not accumulate well. The sky behind the shreds of snow was stone-colored. Inside, the murk of the high classroom gave the air a solidity that limited the overhead radiance to its own vessels; six globes of dull incandescence floated on the top of a thin sea. The feeling the gloom gave him was not gloomy but joyous: he felt his classmates were all sealed in, safe; the colors of cloth were dyed deeper, the sound of whispers was made more distinct, the smells of tablet paper and wet shoes and face powder pierced him with a vivid sense of possession. These were his classmates sealed in, his, the stupid as well as the clever, the plain as well as the lovely, his enemies as well as his friends, his. He felt like a king and seemed to move to his seat between the bowed heads of subjects that loved him less than he loved them. His seat was sanctioned by tradition; for twelve years he had sat at the rear of classrooms, William Young, flanked by Marsha Wykoff and Andy Zimmerman. With his long legs blocking two aisles, he felt regal even in size and, almost trembling with happiness under the high globes of light beyond whose lunar glow invisible snowflakes were drowning on the gravel roof outside his castle, believed that the long delay of unpopularity was merely a consolidation, that he was at last strong enough to make his move. Today he would tell Mary Landis he loved her.

He had loved her ever since, a fat-faced tomboy with freckles and green eyes, she deftly stole his rubber-lined schoolbag on the walk back from second grade and outran him -- simply had better legs. The superior speed a boy was supposed to have failed to come; his kidneys burned with panic. In front of the grocery store next to her home she stopped and turned because she was willing to have him catch up; but this humiliation on top of the rest was too much to bear. Tears broke in his throat; he spun around and ran home and threw himself on the floor of the front parlor, where his grandfather, feet twiddling, perused the newspaper and soliloquized all morning. In time, the letter slot rustled, and the doorbell rang, and Mary gave his mother the schoolbag. The two of them politely exchanged whispers, but their voices had been to him, lying there on the carpet with his head wrapped in his arms, indistinguishable. He never took the schoolbag to school again, and had refused to touch it.

In the middle of the classroom Mary Landis stood up, a Monitor badge pinned to her belly. Her broad red belt was buckled with a brass bow and arrow. She wore a lavender sweater with the sleeves pushed up to expose her forearms, a delicately cheap effect. Wild stories were told about her, but perhaps it was merely his knowledge of these that put the hardness in her face. Her eyes seemed braced for squinting and their green was frosted. Her freckles had faded. William thought she laughed less this year; however, now that she was in the Secretarial Course and he in the College Preparatory, he saw her in only one class a day. She stood a second, eclipsed at the thighs by Jack Stephens' zebra-striped shoulders, and looked back at the class with a stiff worn glance, as if she had seen the same faces too many times before. Her habit of perfect posture emphasized the angularity she had grown into - there was a nervous edge, a boxiness in her bones, that must have been waiting all along under the childish fat. Her eye sockets were deeply indented and her chin had a prim square set that seemed in the murky air tremulous and defiant. Below the waist, she was lean; the legs that had outrun him were still athletic; she starred at hockey and cheerleading. Above, she was abundant: so stacked her spine curved backwards to keep her body balanced. She turned and in switching up the aisle, encountered a boy's leg thrown into her path. She coolly looked down until it withdrew. She was used to such attentions. Her pronged chest poised, Mary proceeded out the door, and someone she saw in the hall made her smile a wide smile full of warmth and short white teeth. Love scooped at William's heart. Today he would tell Mary Landis he loved her.





## THE MATCH MAKER

by Evelyn Van Til

Andrew H. Wright comments on the abortive plans of Emma to have Mr. Elton and Harriet marry in his book, *Jane Austen's Novels*. He concludes his discussion with "So occurs the *denouement* of the first movement of the story--and it leaves Emma stunned, Mr. Elton mortified, Harriet deeply hurt. But Emma alone, amongst the principals in this series of events, has learned something: 'She was quite concerned and ashamed, and resolved to do such things no more.'"

I do not think that Mr. Elton was so mortified that the loss of Emma could not be quickly made up by another woman of substance taking her place. Furthermore, he learned something that was of real importance for himself. He discovered that his taste did not allow for a woman like Emma who is so aware of her consequence. His bent was for someone who is striving for consequence as he himself is. He seemed therefore, to gain some self-awareness from the experience, and even though he, and in turn, his wife, dislike Emma for her self-known status in Highbury, he realizes that she has the security of something he is always seeking. Ironically, Frank Churchill, a character who plays a false role in the novel, speaks the truth in his estimation of Mr. and Mrs. Elton: "Happy couple! how well they suit one another." In his short stay at Bath after Emma's rejection of him, Elton found a wife so much like himself in disposition and intention that during his rudeness to Harriet at the Cole party, his wife awarded him with encouraging smiles. It is interesting that Jane Austen has Elton rejected by the character Emma, who is too much aware of her consequences, and then has him finally settle with Emma's caricature, who strives too much after consequences.

Neither has the experience left Harriet so heartbroken that she cannot fall in love at least three times in one year. Furthermore, as an indication that she has learned something, she

from this time on falls in love without assistance from Emma. It is only after she has detected her feelings that she relates them to Emma. It is true that Emma encourages her at this point, but Harriet makes the initial step. This was certainly not the case with Elton where it was Emma who first thought of the match. Harriet, too, as well as Elton, has changed her taste in choice of a marriage partner. Harriet's taste, however, improves. Even though Emma interprets this improvement as vanity, nevertheless, Harriet has learned to recognize the difference between Mr. Knightley and Frank Churchill. In contempt, she says to Emma, "I hope I have better taste than to think of Mr. Frank Churchill, who is like nobody by his (Knightley) side." All of this new insight into the characters of men enables Harriet to make her own decision in finally marrying Mr. Martin.

Emma, on the other hand, does not learn quite so much as she intends to. Neither is she so completely stunned by what has happened that she cannot almost immediately think of another match for Harriet. After the Elton and Harriet situation turned out so miserably, she "resolved to do such things no more." But her good intentions are not that well kept. Later she becomes involved in what she considers a match between Churchill and Harriet by deliberately encouraging Harriet to pursue that course with the hope that it could end in marriage. It is not until Harriet has fallen in love with Knightley that Emma realizes what she really has been doing to Harriet. Emma realized then, too, that she did not keep the good resolution she made after Elton left and married someone else. Not even Emma's contemptuous attitude toward Mrs. Elton's match-making makes Emma aware of what she is doing, herself. Indeed, Jane Austen has Emma live through many experiences after Elton before she arrives at a reasonable amount of self-knowledge.





## SNOW

*by Carolyn Sherwood*

Snow . . .

Messenger from ethereal realm

Come to bestow upon earth

A tender touch of calm

Making the coolness of the universe

Filter through world's heat.

Snow . . .

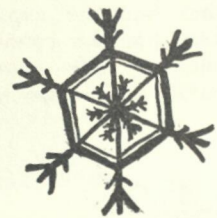
Flake of whiteness

Created to contain within itself

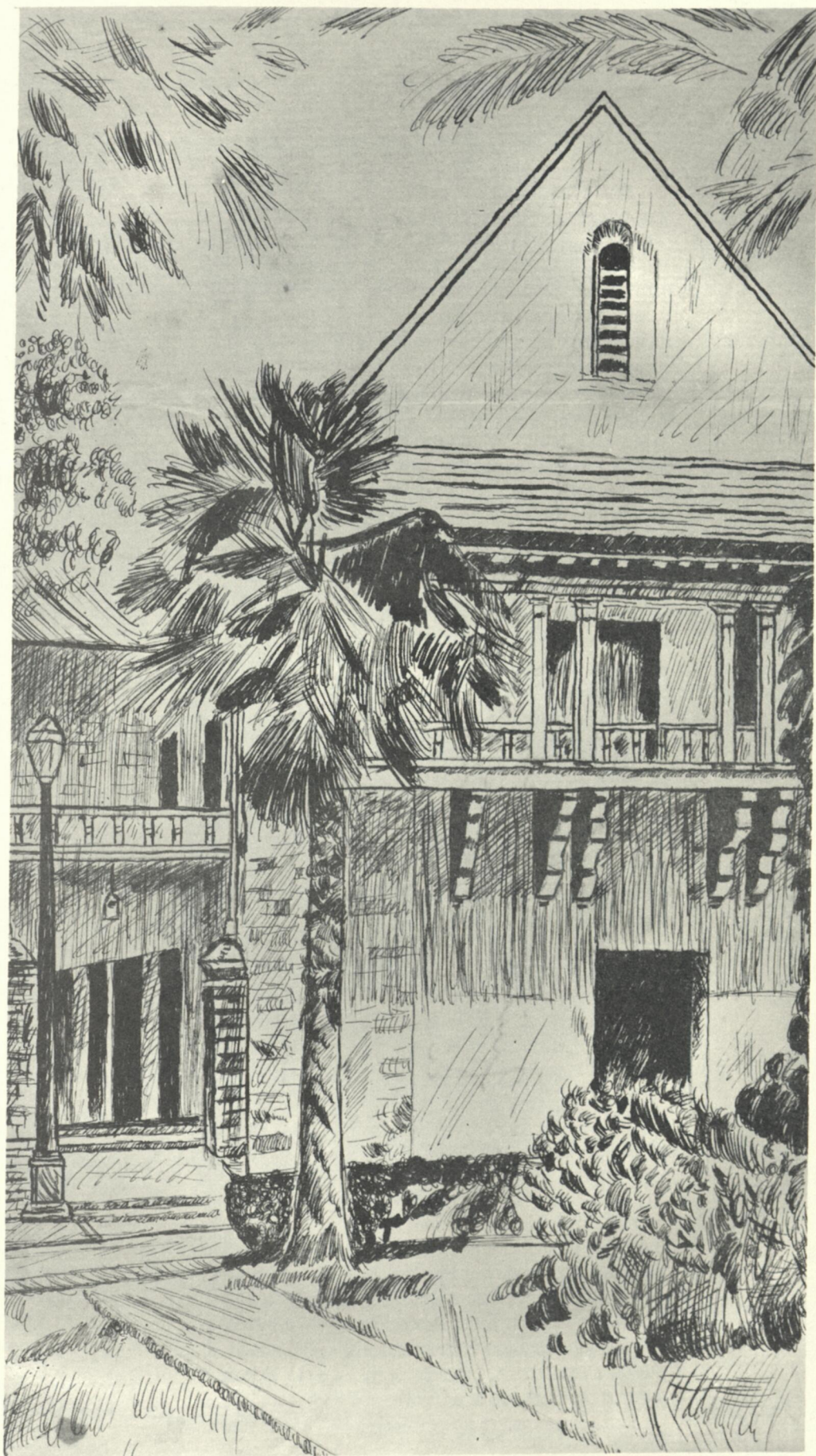
A minute sampling of beauty

Making the art of the universe

Seep through world's jargon.









## A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

*by Ronald Kamman*

In reading Nathaniel Hawthorne's narrative, The Scarlet Letter, I was interested particularly in the symbolic role of Pearl, the little girl born out of the adulterous relationship of Hester Prynne and clergyman Arthur Dimmesdale in the Puritan culture of old Boston. Having this origin Pearl is characterized by Hawthorne to personify the sin in which she was conceived. Moreover, she may be considered an incarnation of the scarlet letter itself - the visible manifestation of her parents' guilt as it appears in the form of the letter "A" attached to the bosom of her mother, Hester, to signify Hester's social ostracism from fellowship in the Puritan community. In assuming the role as Hester's conscience Pearl thus directs the main action of the story.

Even Pearl's name bears great significance as it is associated with the precious stone spoken of in the Holy Scriptures (Matt. 13:45 and 46) as "having great price." Indeed, as a physically beautiful and perfect child, Pearl is precious to her mother, Hester, who named her. Moreover, she was borne by Hester at a great price.

Pearl's behavior, however, becomes so complex and bewildering that, in effect, as Hester's conscience she tortures Hester to the point where at times Hester cries out to God, asking Him what, indeed, she has brought into the world. Sometimes Hester even half-denounces Pearl as being her child.

Interestingly enough, this peculiar behavior persists in varying degrees in the story as Arthur Dimmesdale comes short of fully revealing himself publicly as Hester's partner in sin. He continues to hold back and allow Hester to bear the social penalty of their mutual sin alone. And because of Hester's love for him she refuses to identify him to anyone. Finally under Pearl's overwhelming influence the misery of Dimmesdale's guilt leads him to the public scaffold where he makes a full public confession. Moments later, in great weakness from the ordeal, Dimmesdale dies on the scaffold and immediately Pearl's behavior is transformed into that of a loving, tender child. For the first time she expresses love to Dimmesdale by kissing him. Previously she had rejected and repudiated him. Thus as the full truth is revealed Hester's conscience, personified by Pearl, is transformed from an agent of guilt and darkness into an agent of peace and light.







## "HAP" and "THE SUBALTERNS"

by Janice Peterson

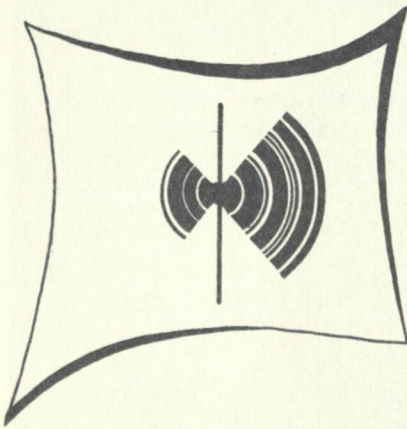
Thomas Hardy's poems "Hap" and "The Subalterns" in one respect say directly opposite things. In "Hap" the speaker denies any power in control of the universe. He begins "If but some vengeful god . . ." In stanza two he expresses the wish for "a Powerfuller than I" to rule the universe even vengefully. But chance--Crass Casualty, hap--alone rules. Man lives in a world of cruel passiveness. Existence resists organization entirely, and Hardy bemoans the absence of an organizing power.

In "The Subalterns," however, the "poor wanderer" on earth discovers that the powers of nature are only subordinates to a higher power. The sky, the North, Sickness, and Death are ruled by, slaves to, the subalterns of "laws in force on high/Which say it must not be." With the realization of a higher power, the wanderer views life as less cruel than when it remained passive.

The clue to explaining the contradiction of meaning in these two poems may be found in the last stanza of "The Subalterns." To Hardy nature at times reveals itself as passive and at times as sympathetic towards man. Yet nature remains mysterious, incomprehensible, unorganized, and undependable. At times, then, the elements of nature "own their passiveness," as in "Hap," but at other times they can show a degree of sympathy with mankind. When man experiences the forces of life in a passive state as in "Hap," he denies the existence of any power beyond chance. But when he feels a sympathetic response from the elements, suddenly he has a faint awareness of a controlling power and a less pessimistic, though not bright and happy, outlook upon life.

Now the similarities of the two poems become evident. In both man is not responsible for his fate. In "Hap" Time and Crass Casualty determine man's pilgrimage according to however the dice falls. In "The Subalterns" the "laws in force on high" determine man's fate and overpower even the sympathetic elements of nature. In both poems the determining power is neither good nor evil, but indifferent. Life is without reason or order and is mysterious and unexplainable. In such a life man does not attain happiness. In "Hap" "joy lies slain." In "The Subalterns" the wanderer can smile; but the smile is one full of melancholy, not happiness or joy. He smiles because life seems not quite as bleak as it does in a more passive state, not because a great power of love and goodness is personally concerned with individual man.

Thus the final impact of the ironic, pessimistic, and nostalgic tone of both poems is the awareness of an unsatisfied man in an incomprehensible and often indifferent world without power to determine his own fate.





## LAST NIGHT A SHADOW CAME. . .

*by June Canonico*

It was quiet last night.

I sat in the night and watched

The shadows in the stillness,

And listened to the crying wind.

Upstairs someone slept.

I prayed her sleep would not

Be plagued with fevered dreams,

And that the Lord would give her peace.

The people walked before me.

They wondered as they peered

To see who I might be,

And walked on without knowing.

Time soon passed, I rose,

And walked upstairs, my mind

Still filled with shadow of death.

I sought to talk but not forget.

I found some others there.

We talked of what had set

The spirit of quiet sorrow on us all

And then moved on.

Morning came and day began,

Food and raiment, things to do.

Shadows hover near but quickly

Now are fleeing to another place.











### SUNDAY MORNING BY W.S.

*Simplified for Beginning Readers*

On Sunday mornings, I'm inclined  
To lie in bed 'til 10 or so;  
And if the weatherman is kind,  
To breakfast on the patio.

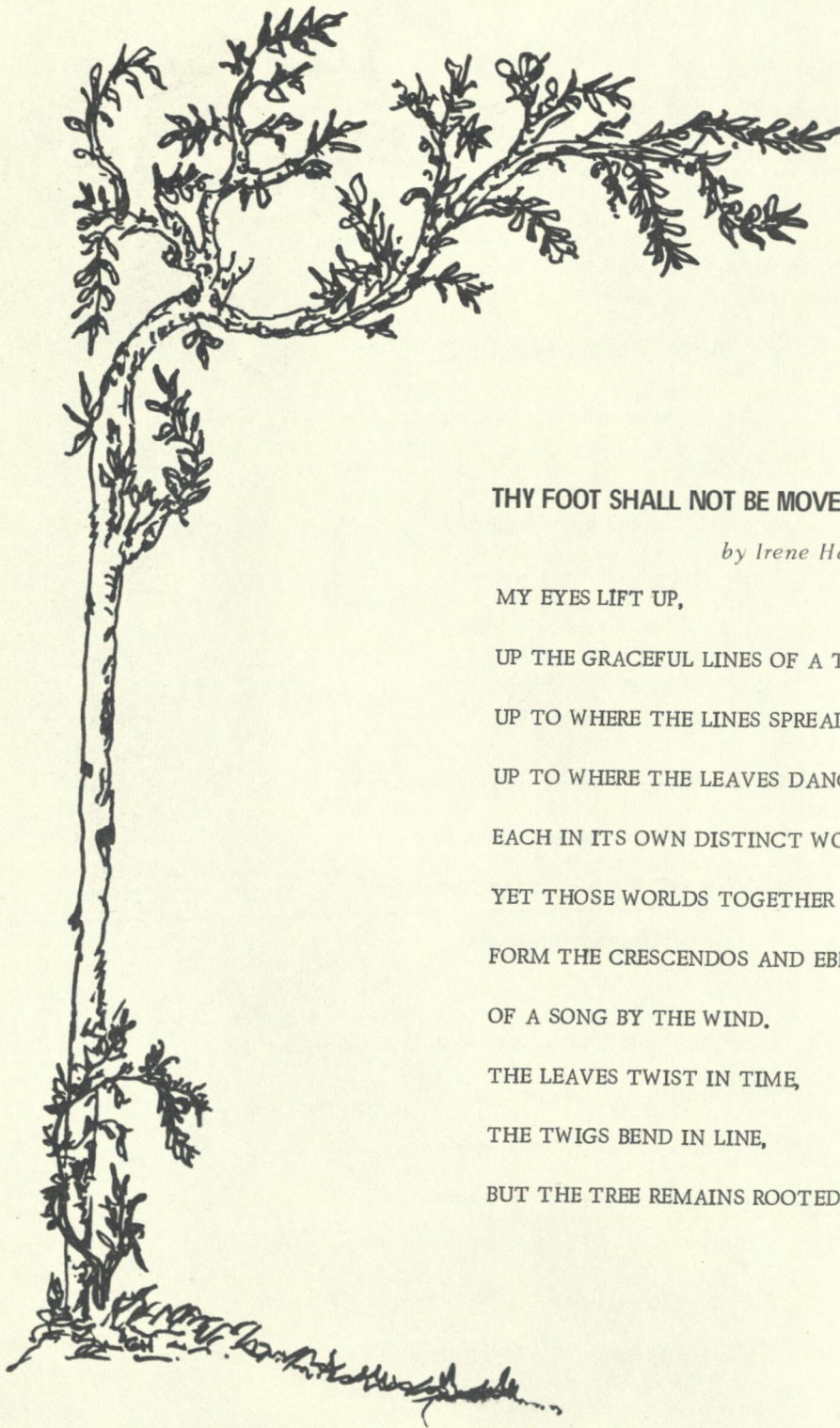
With creature comforts ranged around: -  
The coffee pot, the jug of cream -  
I watch my neighbors, churchward bound,  
While I pursue another dream.

I watch the birds upon the lawn;  
*They* worship in the open air.  
My parrot, which I dote upon,  
Is not a saint, and doesn't care.

Some say the Earth is all Divine;  
Some say the way to Heaven is up.  
Some take the sacrament in wine;  
I find it in my coffee-cup.

C. M. D.





THY FOOT SHALL NOT BE MOVED

*by Irene Hageman*

MY EYES LIFT UP,  
UP THE GRACEFUL LINES OF A TALL SLENDER TREE,  
UP TO WHERE THE LINES SPREAD APART,  
UP TO WHERE THE LEAVES DANCE AND SWAY  
EACH IN ITS OWN DISTINCT WORLD.  
YET THOSE WORLDS TOGETHER  
FORM THE CRESCENDOS AND EBBS  
OF A SONG BY THE WIND.  
THE LEAVES TWIST IN TIME,  
THE TWIGS BEND IN LINE,  
BUT THE TREE REMAINS ROOTED IN REST.



## TAAL

*by Roger Hinkle*



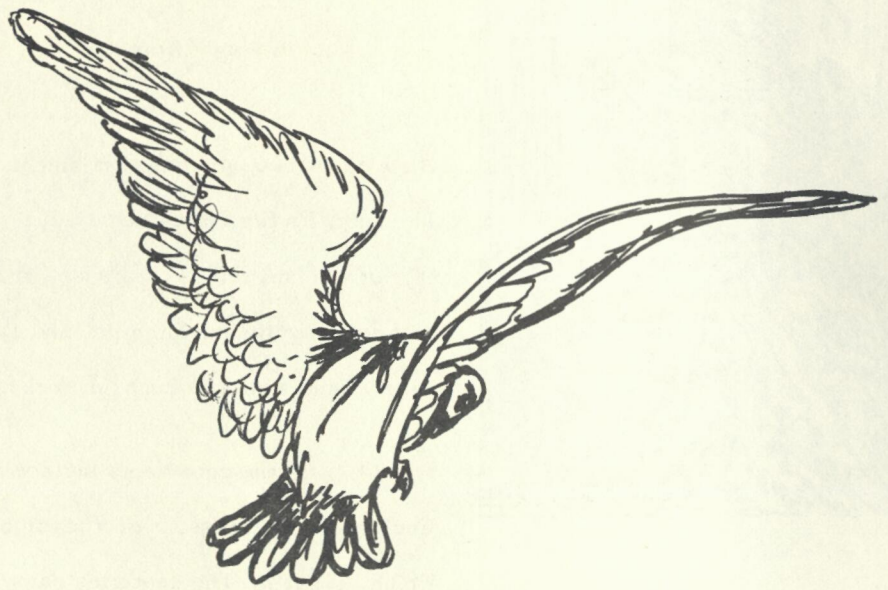
Blowing its bottom topward, a dragon blasts  
The dark. Its fiery darts cut the lid  
Of earth to shreds. The stars melt in heat  
And drop into the bubbling pit, and churn  
Like vulcan's milk to lumps of rock and stone.

Something at the core wants surface change.  
Enclosed in darkness, it seethes to break the walls  
Which hold it in. The centuries pass, and change  
Cannot be seen. But then, a tiny harmless  
Ulcer in the belly of the earth is stung by fire  
Until it heaves to freedom. None can stop  
It now. Bursting through every pore, it stabs  
Its boiling limbs toward air like madmen punch  
Their paranoic fiends, until the crust  
Is blown, and igneous bullets split the skies  
And murder stars and close the eyes of those  
Who sleep in towns nearby, who dreamt their dreams  
And ate their rye and screamed their screams  
Afraid to die.

The lava flows to rest;  
The earth, restored to balanced par, retracts  
Its fodder to its womb and stops the scourge  
And seals the tomb where sleep the helpless serfs  
Who did not know the doom of stifled heat  
Would someday slay their world.

The surface sleeps;  
But something at the core wants surface change.



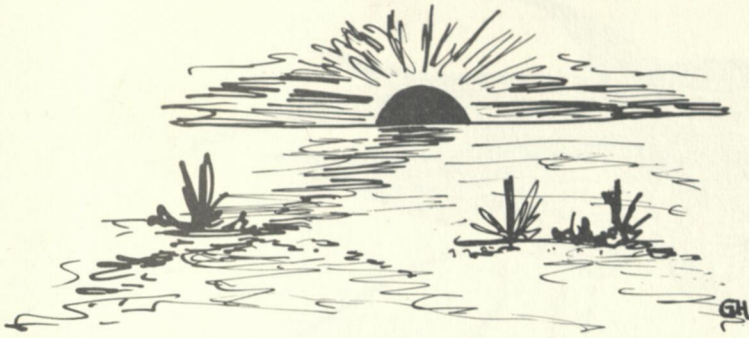


## HURT

*by Irene Hageman*

We see birds wing through the sky.  
And trees sway in rhythms of freedom.  
We feel the wild wind dash against the tender edge of our faces.  
Why can't we be free  
To move as we wish  
To share and  
Talk and  
Give and  
Love  
As we feel compelled to do?  
Birds fly against winds, even violent winds. But then,  
Some birds are even killed  
Because of their wings and impulse to fly.  
So must the bird hang weights upon his wings  
To make him consider the day, the storm, the price.





### IMPRESSION OF DAY

*by Carolyn Sherwood*

Daylight nudges and shakes night  
Until darkness moans, rolls over  
And awakens, rouses to dress its dawn alertness  
In striped sunlight playclothes.

Morning stretches and exercises  
And, vigorous, moves its energy into noon brilliance  
Glee, abandon, sweat, challenge, adrenalin:  
Newness of day has been spent.  
Now weariness of afternoon creeps,  
And posture of shadows droops  
And hangs limp,  
Then falls over into dusk.

Evening yawns and relaxes  
And sprawls lazily,  
Sighs, dozes until  
Darkness settles night into a benedictive dream  
Of its day.



## Sand - filled

by Irene Hageman

A girl stretched straight across the sand  
Digging, digging, digging,  
Until her hole was deep; until...  
Until the surf in one great surge  
Crashed through her wall and covered up her hole.  
The cold, frothy foam sank into the sand  
And robbed her of her well.











## Summary of Clifton Fadiman's Essay

### WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE CURRENT MESS IN EDUCATION

by Ronald Kamman



A recent sampling of public school activities in the United States has revealed an alarming shift in curricular emphasis from rigorous and even elementary academic achievement to an inconsequential form of physical and social exercise. The result of passiveness and negligence on the part of average American citizens like you and me, this situation has come into being in spite of the numerous warnings of serious observers for many years. And while some people will seek to place the blame on someone else or even on the American educational system itself, the real fault must be recognized as belonging to each individual citizen who has not wisely exercised his voting power.

Before any improvement in the situation can be effected we must first, individually and collectively experience a change of mind. With a change of mind we shall recognize the Villain behind the situation for what and who he really is. We shall come to realize that in our former delusion we embraced Frivolity, our enemy, while denouncing some of the founders of our educational system like John Dewey. Further divesting ourselves of former delusion we shall be struck with the full impact of realizing that the Great Debate concerning the faltering course of American education is of long standing, dating as far back as forty-three years ago when John Erskine published a book on this subject entitled *The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent*. Then there is the delusion of thinking that the situation is the result of basic weaknesses in the "science" curriculum--a condition that can be alleviated simply by improving courses of study like mathematics and physics.

If we wish to overcome our delusion and correct the situation in which we find our educational system we must first realize a change in admirations. And as a change in admirations will produce a necessary change in status symbols, education will begin to regain the rigor and effectiveness which will notably enhance the welfare and capability of the students within its influence and domain.



DUAL CODE: TWO after S.S.

I

Berkeley Square

If I were fresh and arrogant and self-assured  
I'd organize my peers and think of ways  
To send the worn-out fossils we've endured  
Too patiently, through droning hours and days  
Of classroom lectures, dry as desert dust,  
To some Asylum where we'd tell them: "Cease  
Your babbling, or, if talk you must,  
Kill off each other with your 'Q.E.D.'s'!"  
Then when the bad old world was gone for good,  
We'd build the world from scratch, as wise men should.



II

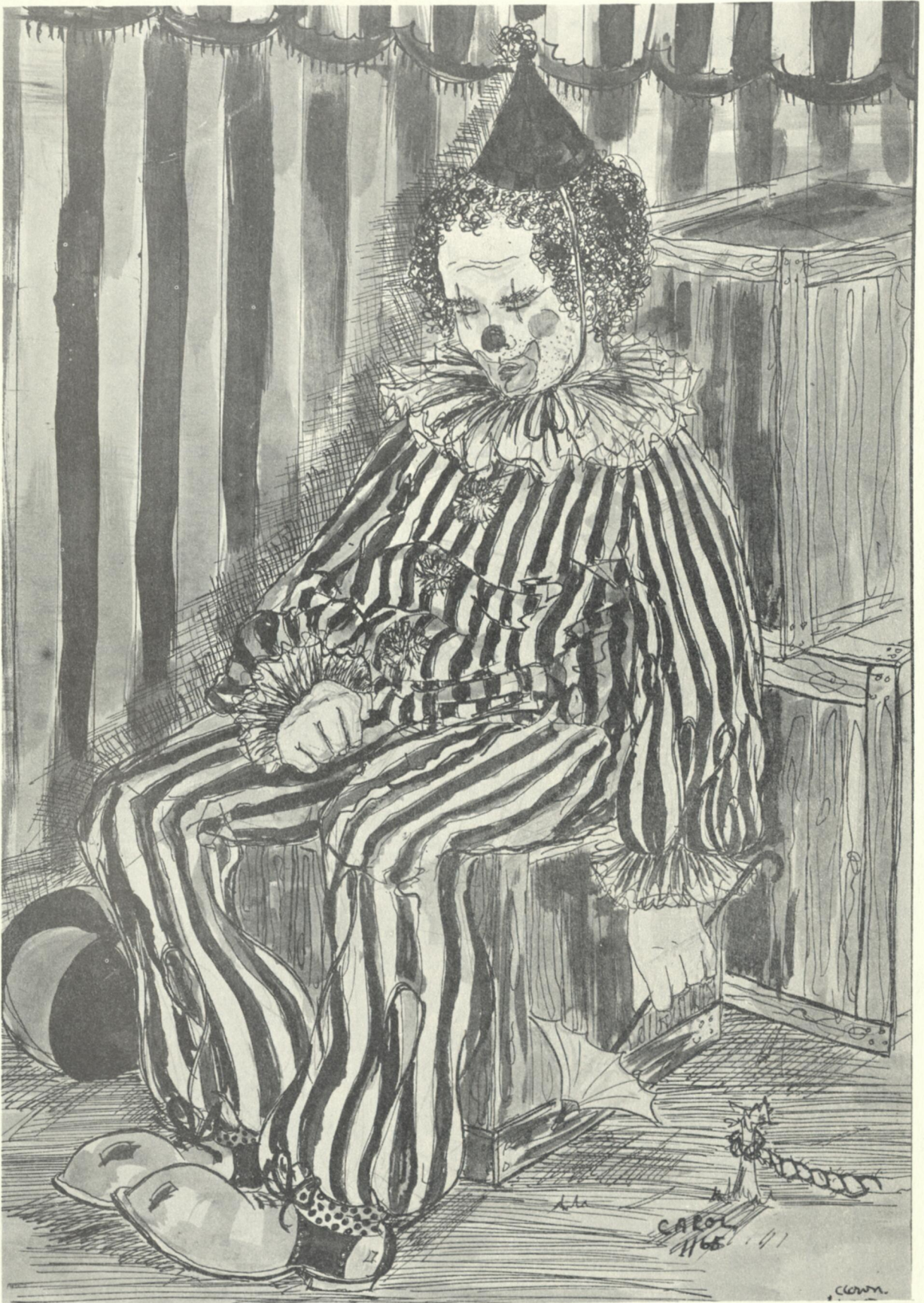
Decaying Faculties

If I were tired and petrified of brain,  
I'd swig down coffee with the Dean and boast  
How I had quizzed my ignorant class again  
And failed them all (but one) and crow: "Almost  
I would despair the younger generation:  
The apathy, the unresponsive blood.  
Oh, what a falling off of education  
Since I attended school before the Flood!"  
Then burn the oil at midnight, leave no stone  
Unturned, until I'd failed them everyone.

CM.D.











## SPRING AND I

*by Carolyn Sherwood*

Spring hummed softly with patience  
And wooed my heart's awareness  
To adoration of her gentle countenance.  
The soul of me was drawn into the aura of her grace  
And quickened by felt assurance of her quiet strength.  
My heart could not know how it needed the color of life  
Until it gazed upon the green fuzz of blade tips  
newly poked through earth.

## NEARNESS

*by Carolyn Sherwood*

Memories of your nearness caress my heart, my love  
I seek you, only to find you seeking me;  
Yet we dare not.  
Separation--no space between us  
--Only great distance.  
I breathe in;  
You draw breath from me.  
In a moment deep within a smile begins,  
Swells and vibrates up through me, catching breath,  
lifting chin,  
Dancing in my eyes,  
Warms, melts, smooths mouth to you.  
You are my smile, my love.  
Your gaze interlocks itself with my radiance  
Kindling desire for the caress  
Of our hearts' nearness.











## REFLECTION

by Carolyn Sherwood

I listened to the noises of busy dorm life become fainter until I could hear only an occasional flutter of sound, and, after many minutes, echoes from the slam of one last door died away. Behind closed doors activities of girls getting ready for bed created a faint hum, and then all was quiet as the girls rested. I alone, needing the silence as a time for reflection, was outside the closed doors, sitting on the new carpet and leaning against the concrete wall at the end of the second floor hall. I remembered the cheerful daytime shouts and giggles of my friends, and I imagined I heard them still echoing through the hall. I wondered whether, perhaps the building, too, anticipated the coming of daybreak so that its residents would again resume energetic, vibrant living. I tamed my thoughts from wandering fantasy to concrete reality as my eyes became adjusted to the faint light allowed by the fluorescent ceiling lights dimmed to a glow. Slowly I could make out vague shapes of large objects set along the walls. For some reason, I determined to notice the physical characteristics of the objects I could see. I often played a game with my senses by concentrating on keeping consciously aware of everything that attracted or stimulated them. Looming darkly near me was a bulky trunk with varying sizes of paper at tilts and angles which were probably travel stickers; atop the trunk were a half dozen torn cardboard cartons worn by rough use and long-distance travel; slats of packing crates made stripes against the background of shadowy walls. Square and rectangular box shapes let their contents hang over their sides beside many doors down the hall. Several smaller structures were leaned, stacked, grouped against the wall because their owners had not yet made room for them in planning the decor of their rooms in this second week of the fall semester. I had been noticing that most of the girls in my hall were strangers to me; many were transfers and some were freshmen. I wondered why they had chosen this college, Jenkins, which attracted a type of student body with middle class attitudes, values, and mannerisms in everything. But each semester I had noticed a few exceptions to this general type student. Oh, I don't mean the exceptions were so obviously exceptional that people should notice their difference. But I kept it a little secret that I always thought I could detect the ones who were different. Their unusualness would sneak out in tiny ways--oh, the smallest of ways--but the tricks could never fool me. I knew. Sometimes I saw an eye's quick glance, uncontrolled by its owner for only the shortest moment, betray an inner flash of pride that refused to be smothered by the rest of the preten-

tious act of belonging to the wholesome "middle class," sometimes so "wholesome" as actually to want to be considered naive. Other students showed me they were condescending to move in Jenkins' social class by sitting in a cultured air of mild boredom--oh, so well restrained, they thought--in some of the fine arts classes when the profs cited specific references to great originals of the finer things of life. I watched these people I didn't like and who didn't like me--at least they probably wouldn't choose to like me even if they had the chance to like me--yes, I watched them out of windows and from around corners of things. But I was ingeniously careful so that they never saw me watching them, following them, trying to see into them and uncover their private plots to destroy my personal peace at Jenkins College.

One of the new girls this year had already impressed me as being one of these "exceptional" students I despised, and I feared that she lived in this wing of the dorm--my wing, and she was invading it with her plots. But she couldn't fool me; I would be on my guard. She even made it easy for me--ridiculously easy--to pick her out of a crowd of students every time because she wore her hair in a ponytail. Oh, not the ordinary middle-class teen-ager's ponytail--not this hair--but one with a couple graceful waves bending down through it. The waves came out from the expensive velvet bows or carved metal barrets that she always wore and curved all the way down the strands to the tips until they hid themselves in a broad, casual curl at the top of her neck. But I knew the curl wasn't really casual. She had planned her curl and controlled it just as she was planning her plots and thinking she would destroy me. I let my imagination persuade me that her hair didn't even have tips but probably just grew right back into her head again beneath the camouflage of that casual curl. Oh, she probably thought the ponytail that made her exceptional was quite feminine and elegant in a cultured and demure sort of way.

But sitting in the hall this night, I didn't want to think about that new girl and her ponytail which betrayed her through and through. How did I start thinking of her anyway? Oh, yes, I was thinking about the kind of college Jenkins is and the transfers and freshmen who left all kinds of furnishings in the hall because they hadn't decided how to decorate their rooms. I suppose I might think about the decorations left so unguardedly in the hallway and imagine how they would look in the rooms. Maybe some of



the things would look nice in my room--I had been assigned a single room this year even though I'd wanted a roommate--someone I didn't know because I hadn't met anyone on campus last year whom I could ever have liked well enough to let be my roommate--I'd even thrown a mild temper tantrum before my house mother until I saw I wasn't going to change her mind about not placing me with a roommate. She said she didn't think I should be with anybody else. I wonder what she meant. She got her way, and now I lived in a rather large single room. When I was in the room, I was always alone. Nobody ever came to see me or even to knock on my door for any reason. I couldn't hear the sound of talking or noises or music from the two rooms on either side of me even when I kept my ears to the walls for the longest time just listening, listening for the new people to reveal unwittingly some strangeness about themselves. I was disappointed when I had first learned that I couldn't hear through the walls. But I wasn't dumb. I wasn't going to let them--not any of the exceptional people who didn't like me--hear me make any noise whatsoever in my room--not even if all four of them at the same time listened from their rooms very carefully through both of my walls! They couldn't hear me at all because I never made any noises in my room. After I came back from supper every night, I would unlock my door, then enter my room, flip on the one ceiling light and turn very fast to close the door and lock it again. Then I looked carefully in the closet and under the desk and under the bed. Because no one was ever in any of those places when I looked, I would then turn off the light and tiptoe to my chair in the middle of the room. Then I would sit--just sit still not doing anything except breathing very quietly--in that chair for about four or five hours every night before I would always slip very quietly into bed with all my clothes on--even my shoes. Since I had come back to school this fall, I had slept with my schoolclothes on every night because they wrer wrinkled and dirty anyway after I'd worn them all day. And every morning I showered--in fact, I suppose most people naturally take a long shower after a bath every single morning to be sure their skin absorbs lots of water to clean out all the germs.

But tonight I had sat in the darkness and stillness of my room for a couple hours. Then I had got the idea of sitting in the dimly lit hall instead. Suddenly I heard a metallic grating and click as if a lock were turning in a door. Soon a door opened and someone came out into the hall from the third room away from the end of the corridor where I was seated. At first I didn't recognize the girl who was wearing blue terrycloth slippers as she walked a dozen steps down the hallway. But as she stooped slightly above the drinking fountain, I saw that it was that girl! Ha! Thought she could disguise herself from me by winding that silly ponytail over some curlers. Well, she didn't fool me! But I wondered what she did with what would be tip ends on any

normal person's hair. But she succeeded in disguising that exception by covering it with the ruffled band around the edge of her net curler bonnet.

The girl raised up from the drinking fountain; I was ready for her. She wouldn't see me because I had crouched behind the big trunk with the travel stickers. She pretended she wasn't trying to find me! She began to walk slowly down the hall away from me. I watched her push open the door at the other end of the hallway which led into the center area of the dorm. I was frustrated--I didn't know whether I should stay in hiding by the trunk--but she could see me if she came up the stairway and through the door beside me--or whether I should move back to the wall wher I had been. I decided to move to the wall and stood up. Then I heard a girl's scream and a rumble and thud on the stairway behind the door beside me. I took two steps to the door and was about to push it open when I saw through the little window in the door two legs in an awkward sprawl with blue terrycloth slippers on their feet. I didn't know what to do. While hesitating, I heard footsteps coming down the stairs above the landing where the girl lay. Not wanting to be seen, I quickly and noiselessly ran to my room, unlocked the door, entered the room, flipped on the one ceiling light and turned very fast to close the door and lock it again. Then I looked carefully in the closet and under the desk and under the bed. A new idea suddenly caught my fancy so strongly that I decided to leave the light on. I slid one panel of the closet door aside--slowly, to keep it from squeaking--and stooped to get a box which I carried to the desk. Out of the box I lifted a hairpiece--light brown to match my own hair color. Stretching out the hairpiece to its full length, I stared at it gripped helplessly in my hands and slowly turned it over and around while smiling slightly. A siren was cresaming outside. I breathed deeply and deliberately. My tense arms stiffly raised the hairpiece--still stretched in the tight grip of my right hand at the top and left hand at the bottom--to eyelevel. I stared at that long light brown hair so hard that it seemed to twitch in discomfort a little when my left hand suddenly loosened its grasp and let the hair hang. I dug the bristles of a brush deep into the hairpiece and down through the strands for several strokes until the hair yielded a couple graceful waves bending in it. Quickly I caught the ends of those waves and secured them in a rubber band. As I sidestepped once to the full length mirror on the closet door, I dropped the brush and it clattered onto the desk. As fear shot through me I held my breath, but then I saw in the mirror the slight smile on my mouth and the sly look in my eyes. I began breathing deliberately again. I held the hairpiece against my head and picked up some bobby pins which always lay on the desk and pinned it into my hair. I grasped the brush and deftly pushed my hair back and pinned it under the hairpiece. Lifting the tip of the graceful waves, I curled it under



and pinned it at the top of my neck. Then I pulled the lower edges into a broad casual curl. I turned my back to the long mirror and picked up a hand mirror to see my perfect ponytail. Ah, it was! I didn't need an expensive velvet bow or a carved metal barret to hide any secret about my perfect ponytail. The slight smile deepened and now I knew it would always stay on my face.

As I turned to lay the hand mirror quietly on my desk, I saw reflected in the full length mirror the intense color of my bare feet. I walked to the towel rack on the back of the door and pulled a faded blue hand towel over the bar. While walking back to the desk, I held the towel on my fingertips and was dismayed to note a couple bleached out patches. I tore the towel into two halves and wrapped them around my feet. A siren screamed outside.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fallen leaves are becoming pale and withered near some caverns in Tennessee. Even experienced guides must employ special identification and guidance systems to patrol these labyrinthine caverns. The underground museum is garnished with bizarre stalactites, stalagmites, and rock formations which nature has been shaping since time began. A freeway has recently been constructed above the caverns, and in recent weeks residents of my town have reported muffled rumblings and slight tremors of the earth whenever traffic is heavy on the highway.

My sixth grade class at school is starting on a guided tour through these caverns. As we follow the guide's lantern, we pretend we are explorers. Leaving civilization farther behind, we edge along narrow ledges overlooking mysterious abysses. Even as a caravan of children with merry laughter, we cannot escape an eerie sense of foreboding gloom that penetrates each of us. We realize that our security rests with our guide.

Now we come to a safe trail from which we view artistic formations. The guide warns that if the tourist moves even a few feet in any direction, the natural formations appear to change shape so that one cannot recognize identifiable similarities from various views. As my friends move a few feet ahead of me, I examine a particularly unique stalagmite which the guide called King Crystal. Then, hurrying to join the others, I trip, and in my fall I hit my head against something. Stunned, I stagger and slump to a flat rock from which I can see the trail they will follow for several minutes. I shall reach them soon, but now I must rest. My head is throbbing and my eyes ache; somehow I must appease my pain if rest brings only momentary alleviation.

I fall asleep and when I awaken just a few minutes later, I see three friends and the last ray from the lantern disappear around a bend on that trail I thought was so long. I yell and try to follow them; but after a few steps in the darkness, I feel the path become tricky and slimy beneath my feet. I am forced to slow my steps although so doing forfeits precious time. I am dizzy and lack sense of balance because my stunted vision is blurred; I seem to see the ground and walls quivering. As my panic subsides, I will my senses to sharpen to detect some sure footing on the path or an opening to the outside world. A faint roar, as of a machine in the distance, whets my imagination to visualize nightmarish ghouls swaying near me and waging as to my worthiness of their favorite cruelty. Suddenly a small patch of light appears somewhere above and grows larger. If only I can safely reach it!

I scream as the light reveals inches before my toes a deep rocky ravine. Strangely, the rocks in it are in chunks as if they had recently crumbled there. The caverns are trembling, and the roar increases. Jarred as if in a vibrating chair, I see through the patch of light a semi-truck silhouetted against the sky. The earth is shaking so that rocks begin to fall. I scream and hear the shouts of my classmates in reply. At last they have missed me and retraced their steps! I'll soon be safe; but, alas! the sound vibrations from our shouts are causing the rock directly above them to loosen and slide. A huge boulder powerfully cuts its path down a slope and halts, blocking the group from me. As some try to move the boulder, others flee along the unknown trails to escape the murderous sonne; yet, running proves useless. My dazed mind and benumbed nerves are gripped by the horribly poignant realization that living death is relentlessly enveloping its captives. As the ancient rock caves in around us, Death creeps near, shoving my schoolmates into the ravine of torture, where I mutely watch them being buried alive.

The wail of another siren screams off into the distance.

Ironically, I consider myself and the guide to be the only survivors; my townspeople, who have never believed anything I have said, shun me as a jinx who instigate fate's wrath instead of reasonably thinking my sixth grade chums to be victims of circumstance. Now when I witness my neighbors entering these wicked caverns to view the remains of the tragedy, I try desperately to tell them where my friends may yet be alive amidst the debris!--But the townspeople say I am insane and seem to ignore me. I frantically plead with them to listen to me--for the children's sake!!

Perhaps my attempts to communicate my message are futile because people cannot understand what I say--because, with my schoolmates in that awful ravine, I, too, died . . . .

The slight smile stayed.







## THE PRAYER OF THE CONTEMPORARY PILL-AGE

*by Larry Austin*

My pill, which art in a bottle,  
Hallowed be thy function.  
Thy conquest come, thy work be done  
In mind as in will.  
Give me this day my hourly dose;  
And cause me to forget my debts  
As I forget my debtors.  
And lead me not into self-understanding,  
But deliver me from the pain of saneness.  
For thine is mine obsession, and weakness,  
And pillage forever and always. Amen.





1967

